

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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Fresh Scissorings.

—The drunkard's week is made up of Thirst-days.
—Water reddens the nose, whisky the face, and tight boots the toes.
—'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have had a mother-in-law.
—A reflective reporter described a new hearse as "a splendid though sad vehicle."
—A little male "waif," left at one of the Boston engine houses recently, was promptly christened Hosea.
—There is something noble about a goat which all boarders might imitate. He is not particular what he feeds upon.
—A little darkey refused to go to church, "kase he didn't want to look there like a huckleberry in a pan of milk."
—The largest plate of glass ever manufactured in the United States was recently cast in Indiana. It is 184 by 91 inches.
—A builder, returning thanks to those who had drunk his health, modestly observed that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."
—Just keeping it lighted for another boy, is the latest juvenile invention when a mother suddenly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth.
—A Boston auctioneer has in his possession an umbrella seventy-two years old. It was built in England. Poets are requested to omit their contributions to three stanzas.
—There are now over fifty societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States and the Dominion; the first one was formed only seven years ago.
—The secret of Chicago's complacency over her desertion by the fire insurance companies may be traced to the fact that any one of her girls could stamp out the next great conflagration that comes along—Danbury News.
—The only flaw in the elegant new Post Office building in New York—supposing it will ever be completed—is the gilded scroll-work on the front facing Broadway. The beautiful facade and cut granite is greatly marred by this piece of gingerbread work, and externally it is the only blot upon the building. Take it down!
—Sunday night a policeman on Baker street, passing a certain house about 10 o'clock, saw a man drop from a window and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I take to get out of the house."—Detroit Free Press
—The Boston girls are more than usually stunning and expensive this fall. "They are very slender, straight as arrows, with lovely complexions and golden hair. Their rich black silk dresses and straight polonaise glitter with jet fringes and jet embroidery, the latter covering them like a coat of mail. A heavy gold necklace and jacket half hidden in the full lace round each slender throat, and on the golden locks is jauntily set a soft, high-crowned, dark blue felt hat, with a wide brim, carelessly crushed and battered on one side, and on the other turned up and fastened with a brilliant, above which waves a tall feather, the color of the hat."

Saved from the Sea.

EXCITING ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

That the sea should give up its dead seems hardly a greater miracle than that in some cases it should give up its victims alive. Stories of escape from angry waves upon desolate coasts have filled chapter after chapter of works of fiction, and the power and immensity of the ocean have made it the chosen symbol of the cruelty and relentless-ness of fate. One would scarcely expect after the exhaustion of the imagination of writers like Captain Marryat and Victor Hugo that it was reserved for plain matter of fact to outlive the invention of the novelist; and yet there is at present stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city a young man whose adventures and escape pass to the very verge of the marvellous. Like so many other instances of human peril, it seems to have provided itself with its own setting of romance.

Harry P. De Vol, the subject of this narrative, is a graduate of the U. S. Naval School at Annapolis, from which he recently graduated with honor, and after a brief vacation reported for duty at Nice, where the American squadron in European waters was then lying. At Nice he was ordered on board the frigate Omaha, which was transferred to Queenstown. About the 20th of September, while less than two days' sail from Southampton, a violent squall arose, and during its continuance young De Vol was directed by the captain to convey an order to the officer stationed on the bridge.

As he was going forward, a huge sea came over the side, and the frigate, with its monstrous burden, lurched heavily to leeward. The taffrail was low, and being between masts the young midshipman was swirled with the wash over the side. The officer on the bridge saw him and did the little he could to save him. He seized a large cork life-buoy and hurled it with all his might towards the point where the young sailor was seen struggling with the waves. It was the work of scarcely more than a second. To the buoy was fixed a line about ten yards long, and as the buoy passed over him beyond his reach this line fell across his back. He caught the end and while the staggering vessel drove helplessly on in the storm he drew the buoy to him and placed it over his head. He was now safe for the moment, but he says death itself would have been a pleasing sensation compared to his feelings as he saw the Omaha disappear behind successive hills of angry water. His knowledge of seamanship told him at once that no captain would dare to put his vessel about or attempt to lower a boat in the violent wind and sea that were raging.

"In a little," he relates, "I could only see the masts and cordage whipping against the sky, and I gave up all hope. I tried to swim towards it instinctively, though I knew it was of no use, and that my only hope was to outlive the squall on my buoy, if possible, and be picked up after floating a few hours."

The violence of the storm did not last, as he estimates, but two or three hours, although it seemed days to him, but no vessels came near enough to discover him. The water, stirred from beneath by the wind, was cold, and he began to grow numb and weak. Fortunately the cork life-preserver, which at first was so loose that he had some difficulty in keeping it in its place under his arms, began to tighten as the cork swelled with the moisture. Subsequently it held itself well in place. It was about four o'clock when he was washed overboard. At nightfall he had grown quite weak and his limbs were very numb.

"As the darkness began to gather," he narrates, "I felt I would have to drown. Before this I knew that my chances were desperate, but somehow while it was light I had had hope. Then I began to pray. I don't know how long a time elapsed. At times I would pray for several minutes, and then I would find myself thinking of a thousand things about my home and my mother and my father, and about my past life. It seemed as if all the good things and bad things I had ever done or thought of came back to me. Occasionally I would start up as if from a reverie, and strike out to swim. At such times the water and sky would look so black and pitiless that it would seem to fairly to frighten me, and I would be forced to shut my eyes. I can't tell how long I suffered in this way, but it seemed ages. Then indistinctly I remember another sensation. My limbs were numb and utterly without strength, but a pleasant, listless, dreamy sort of feeling took possession of me. My sides, which had been chafed by the movement of the life-preserver, ceased to pain me. I cannot say I was happy, or that I was entirely unconscious of my position, but I didn't seem to care. This state of dim consciousness was the last that I remember."

At sunrise the next morning he was found by the United States merchant steamer Indiana floating in the water insensible. He had been in the water fourteen hours. A great deal of salt water was found in his stomach, but he was still alive, and, after careful medical treatment, was completely restored. He arrived in New York a few days ago.

On the 30th of September his mother, then stopping in Lancaster, O., received a despatch from the commander of the Omaha, announcing the death of her son, who, it was stated, had been washed overboard in the Irish Sea. This despatch was published, and was made the occasion of many obituary notices in Ohio papers. The joy of the mother, who happened to be in this city, upon receiving the news that her son had risen from the dead need not be dwelt upon.

Mr. Harry P. De Vol is looking well after his exhausting adventure and almost miraculous escape. Upon one thing he is certainly to be congratulated. He has read several of his obituary notices, and confesses he is very well satisfied with them.—N. Y. Graphic.

PEAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD. In the course of late exploration in the ancient ruins of Egypt, General Anderson, an English traveler, found, inclosed in a sarcophagus beside a mummy, a few dry peas, which he preserved carefully, and on his return to Great Britain, planted in the rich soil of the Island of Guernsey. The seeds germinated, and soon two little plants appeared, from which, at maturity, sufficient peas were gathered to plant quite a large tract of ground in the following season. Some of the plants thus raised have attained a height of over six feet, and have been loaded with blossoms of exquisite odor, and of a delicate rose tint. The peculiar feature of the growth is the stem, which is small near the root but increases greatly in size as it ascends, requiring a support to sustain it upright. The pods, instead of being distributed around all portions of the stem as in the ordinary plant, are grouped about the upper extremity. The vegetable, it is said, belongs to the ordinary garden variety, but from its presenting the very distinctive differences above noted, it seems worthy of close botanical examination. The peas are of remarkably fine flavor, excelling in delicacy those of the choicest known varieties.

A JAPANESE STREET SCENE.—A writer on Japan says: "I shall never forget the spirit that a Parisian fellow-passenger and I had the first trip we made in a ginricksha through the Japanese quarter of Yokohama. The most sedate judge could not help laughing to be dragged about like a big baby in a family painted babywagon. Down narrow streets we went, through crowds of men, women, and numberless children, the coolies shouting out to clear the way, and never seeming to tire of the work. Married women, with shaved eyebrows and blackened teeth, carried their babies strapped to their backs, and stout Japanese men, who can be imagined, young Japanese men, who smiled flirtatiously at the French Count, as well they might; men and women displayed their wares for sale on the streets and in the shops, and everybody seemed happy. The tea-houses were crowded, and the silk stores and lacquer-ware shops were bright with beautiful goods. Here a crowd would be gathered to listen to the singing of professional musicians (and such heathenish singing too) and in another place some eloquent stump speaker would be making up faces and telling lies, just as stump speakers do elsewhere. Such a gay, happy, simple people I never saw before. Everybody smiles, everybody buys pleasantly, and acknowledges the courtesy with a most gracious manner."

THE LARGEST VAULTED ROOF IN THE WORLD. The largest vaulted roof in the world is claimed by Vienna—that belonging to the great Exposition building. It is said to cover nine times the space of the dome of St. Paul's, in London, eight times the area of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. This miracle of architectural skill is 360 feet in diameter, 1,089 feet round, and stands on a ring of thirty columns thirty-six feet apart all around the circumference. Within the ring of columns there is an support. The upper dome, one hundred feet in diameter, admits light by a series of windows forty feet high and ten feet wide, between thirty columns which carry the upper dome. The slope of the cone is thirty degrees, and the length of the slope on all sides is 200 feet. The roof is formed of 360 iron plates, tapering uniformly upward from the circumference to the apex of the cone. They are riveted like the plates of a ship; each four feet high and ten feet wide, and each bottom plate is one yard wide between the lines of the rivets, and one meter wide over the lap.—[From Mr. Bartlett's Paper.]

PROPOSED NEW SILVER COINS.—The gold price of silver bullion has again got so low that the fractional silver coins of the United States are not worth any more in gold than greenbacks. Notwithstanding the much ridicule a year ago of Secretary Richardson's redemption of greenbacks in silver half dollars it is desirable to have silver fractional coins in circulation instead of the postal currency, if possible. The low price of silver in Europe promises to be permanent, and in this connection two new silver coins for immediate circulation are talked of as likely to be authorized at the next session of Congress, one a twelve and a half-cent piece, and the other a twenty-cent piece. In fact, an attempt was made at the last session of Congress to get the last-mentioned coin authorized, and the recommendation was favorably reported upon, but in the hurry of the close of the session the bill was neglected and was not passed.

—A San Juan miner who has been prospecting in southeastern Colorado has found a whole forest of petrified trees, with petrified birds sitting on the limbs singing petrified songs.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE.

As two who walk through a forest aisles, Lift all the way by forest flowers, Divide at morn through twin dethies To meet again in distant hours, With plunder plucked from all the miles, So Philip and his Mildred went Into their walks of daily life— Parting at morn with sweet consent, And—without husband, boy wife— Together when the day was spent. Bringing the treasures they had won From sun-drenched tracks of waterfalls, To learn from each what each had done, And prove each other grown more wise Than when the morning was begun. He strengthened her with manly thought And learning, gathered from the great; And she, whose quicker eye had caught The treasures of the broad estate Of common life and learning, brought Her gleanings from the level field, And gave them gladly to his hands. She had not dreamed that they could yield Such sheaves, or hold within their hands Such wealth of lovely flowers concealed. His grave discourse, his judgment sure, Gave tone and temper to her soul. While her swift thoughts and vision pure, And mirth that would not brook control, And wit that kept him insecure. Within his dignified repose, Refreshed and quickened him like wine. No tender word or dainty gloss Could give him pleasure half so fine As that which tingled to her bones. He gave her food for heart and mind, And raised her toward his higher plane; She showed him that his eyes were blind; She proved his lofty wisdom vain, And held him humbly by his hand.—J. G. Holland.

Fireside Gossip.

—A health lift—The elevator.
—A cremation—Cinder-Ella.
—It is never too late to marry or to mend.
—A wife's secret—her opinion of her husband.
—An era unknown to women—the middle ages.
—When pockets are lowest new bonnets are highest.
—Marriage—The altar on which man lays his wallet, and woman her affections.
—The old-fashioned Zouave jacket is revived. It is slashed with black cord, in military style.
—Jet, bugles, beads and gimp everywhere! There never was a period when all four were as fashionable as the present.
—A little girl in the train was asked what motive was taking her to the city. "I believe they call it a locomotive," said the little innocent.
—Worth does not credit American women any more. He has been completely swindled by our countrywomen. He requires half in advance, and the other half C. O. D.
—Brocade silks will be more or less worn for evening dress. They do not require a great deal of trimming, are very elegant and "light up"—as the saying is—beautifully.
—Liberal use will be made of velvet this Winter. The finest and most desirable velvet is of Lyons manufacture, and the most elegant has an indefinite shade of invisible blue, or black-blue.
—Bird's-nest earrings are something new. They are of gold and represent a bird's-nest with the newly-laid little things within, all with mouth open. The manufacturer says he endeavored to get these earrings up true to nature.
—A Washington lady, upon the marriage of her daughter, gave her intended son-in-law three dollars in a sealed envelop, with which to fee the minister. The enterprising youth abstracted two-thirds of the amount and delivered the remaining one dollar to the preacher. Now, with a commencement like this, what chance has that mother-in-law?

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